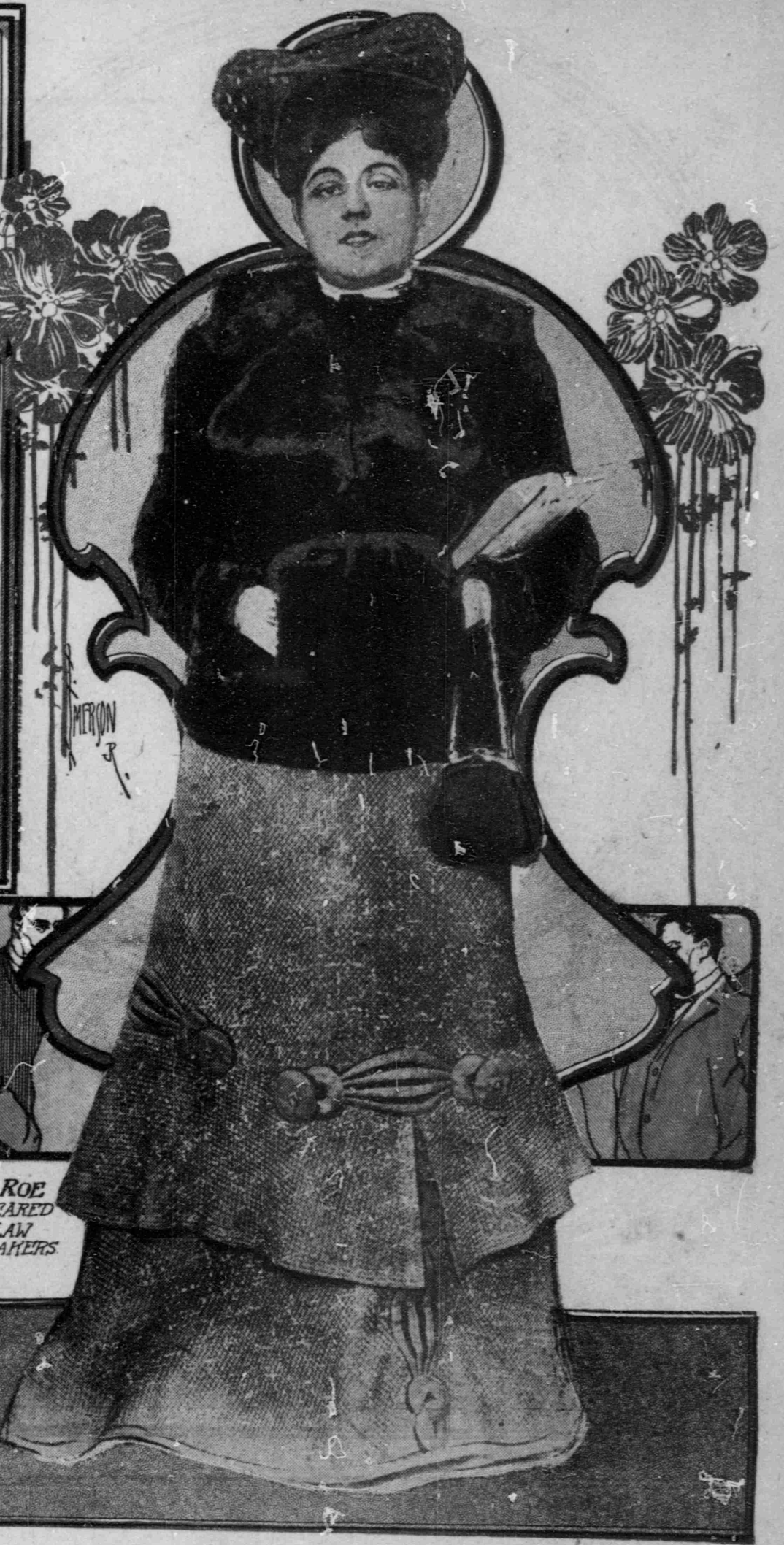




Camille Roe Literary Lobbyist



Daughter of Camilla Urso, the famous violinist, obtains entree to the legislative chambers at Albany, and statesmen succumb to the art of the beautiful Queen of the Book Agents

THE green baize doors of the Senate Chamber in Albany swung inward. There was a soft, uncertain rustle of silk garments, and a graceful and pretty woman swept down the aisle toward the Lieutenant Governor's desk, but poised half-way and began talking rapidly to the Senators who sat upon either side of her.

The statesmen stared aghast, but listened. From under her arm she produced a book and began explaining its virtues.

The President Pro Tem, slipped from his chair of state, and business was interrupted while he sauntered down the floor and listened to the woman.

She was the first book agent who had ever penetrated into the sacred precinct of the lawmakers. She had broken down precedent to force her way there. She had outraged tradition. She had taken the place by storm—and the calm self-possession of her glance. The guards at the doors had stood powerless while she swept by them with a petrifying glance and disappeared inside the green baize doors.

And the Senators Signed.

"And now," she said, with a smile which hypnotized men who had withstood the assaults of the Black Horse Cavalry and the other lobby forces successfully, "and now all you have got to do is to sign your names here, and the book will be sent to you."

Senator Guy led the list, and in haste to follow him with their orders were Senators James E. Frawley, John W. Russell, Daniel J. Rordan, of New York, and Senator George E. Greene, of Birmingham. Edgar R. Brackett, of Saratoga; Louis F. Goodsell, of Highland Falls; Irving L'Honnedeau, of Orleans County, and B. M. Wilcox, of Auburn.

"This is a book that everyone should

have at his elbow," she went on, with suggestive hypnotism, till the last man present had automatically set his name down against the order for a book he didn't want. Then with a triumphant and grateful smile the lady gathered up her books, caught up her silken skirts and with a dignified bow to the President Pro Tem, glided from the chamber.

Camilla Urso's Daughter.

"Who was she?" whispered one Senator to another. "I heard she stormed the House the same way and sold every Assemblyman a book against his will. How did she do it?"

It was several hours before the House and Senate awoke to the full knowledge of the tactful assault upon them, and then they learned that the book agent who had done what no other book agent had ever dared even to dream of was Mrs. Camille Luere Roe, daughter of the great violinist, Camilla Urso.

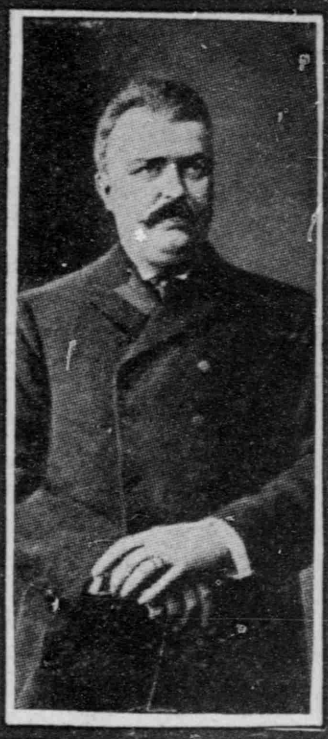
Inheriting from her famous mother great magnetism and personal charm, Mrs. Roe has found that the business of a "book broker," as she calls herself, is easier than many another profession and she carries all before her with the simple force of her personality.

Recently the publishing house which she represents sent her to Albany to canvass the city. The manager laughingly told her that she ought to be able to sell some books to the Senators and Assemblymen. He did not think that she would succeed in this. With her were three other book agents. For a week the quartette worked in vain.

Digging the Trenches.

Then Mrs. Roe determined upon something desperate. She made up her mind to attack the House and Senate in business hours and on massed. Her three companions smiled at her pityingly.

"You will get no farther than the



SPEAKER S. FRED NIXON

lobby," they said.

"Yes, I shall," she said. "I am going to the Capitol to-morrow and I shall sell books upon the floor of the Senate."

And she did.

This was the way she did it. She went to the office of a prominent Albanian who never saw book agents and who never had bought a book against his will in his life. By arts best known to the feminine book broker she penetrated to his private office at his most engrossingly busy moment.

She seated herself in his easy chair opposite him, and, fixing her bewitchingly penetrating eyes upon his troubled orbs, began to talk soothingly to him about a good cigar, his slippers, a cozy open fire and a good book. And the book that he should have was this one

she held in her hands. He shook his head, but she talked on.

"And every time he shook his head it was with a weaker negative till at last he forgot his business troubles, fell under the spell of the book, and finally signed for six volumes at \$10 a volume.

"And now I wonder if you know Speaker Nixon, of the House, and wouldn't he like to have one of these books?" she asked.

Making the Attack.

Yes, he knew Nixon, and it would give him keenest pleasure to know that Nixon had bought a set of books against his will, if only to prove that he, the business man, was not the only pliable idiot in the land. He would give the lady a note to Mr. Nixon that would enable her to reach him. And he did.

Speaker Nixon, taken by surprise, and at his busiest moment, bought the books, and then the fair book broker asked:

"Now, don't you think that I could sell some books on the floor of the House if I could get in there?"

"Yes, I think you could sell books to the United States Senate! But no book agent has ever been on the floor of the House in Albany. It is against the rules. I can't help you there."

"But you admit that I could sell books there. I am a woman working hard for my daily bread. I need the money. I must have it. You admit that I could sell books to the Assemblymen. Don't sell them to the Assemblymen. I don't think that it is wrong for you to take this money out of my pocket when it is already assured to me?"

Desperately, seizing a pad of blank

MRS ROE
AS SHE APPEARED
AMONG THE LAW
MAKERS

passes he dashed off a note admitting Mrs. Roe to the floor of the House.

Mrs. Roe also got possession of a copy of the official list of members of the Assembly and Senate, and spent the afternoon in the galleries studying the gentlemen.

The next morning, after the rush of business had commenced, the quick ear of Speaker Nixon caught the rustle of silk skirts at the House door, and the next moment the figure of a brave little woman appeared in one of the aisles.

In just ten minutes she had produced her order pad, and the Assemblymen were tumbling over each other in their haste to sign for the books.

Those near her who first placed their names upon the order book for "The

English Comedie Humaine," an edition de luxe, limited to 135 sets, and the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," another de luxe edition which has the most exquisite binding, were Assemblymen, Adams, Charles Anderson, Harry Bostwick, Hornidge and McMannus, of New York; Cadin, of Onondaga; Mortimer, of Oneida; F. C. Wood, of Fulton, and Hamilton and Chardier of Dutchess; Messrs Joseph Sullivan and Mead.

It didn't matter to them what the books were about or what they cost. They were about or what they cost. They were about or what they cost.

When she had finished talking and had retired some one asked what the book was about. What was its title?

No one knew. Then some one suggested that they send her to the Senate as a joke. Afterward no one could remember who made the suggestion. Here was the chance to get sweet revenge upon the senior body, and a messenger was sent post haste to call her back.

Then the galleries of the Senate were filled with mirthful Assemblymen, who watched with concealed joy the attack of the eternal feminine upon that august body.

And 'way down in Manhattan, when the order clerk of a great publishing house received a wire from Mrs. Roe, telling of the number of orders she had captured that day, he fell over in his chair in an attack of heart failure that

took a strong dose from a corner cafe's drug department to shake off.

"Then Mrs. Roe was asked to tell how it all happened she smiled her wagnetic smile into the eyes of the writer for this paper and, producing the book, began to explain that it was irresistible in itself, and that any man who understood the immense value of it could not help buying it. Then, with a dash of pity in an otherwise uncompromising heart, she added that she would not make the writer buy it unless he desired to.

Secrets of Bookselling.

"There are many things about the life of a woman book broker that are unpleasant," she said. "But there are also many that are pleasant. I always know from the first moment I see a man whether I can sell him a book. If he shakes his head and smiles, I know that he is lost, and that he will ultimately buy. If he says no, with a big round 'O,' I know that it is no use. And I do not waste time.

"If he says 'Come in to-morrow' he will surely buy. I have never known it to fail, and generally he will buy before I leave.

"But if a woman says, 'Come to-morrow' it means that she will not buy, and I never go back. It is of no use. She will not see me on the morrow, and I never take the trouble."

\$100,000 A YEAR FOR CLOTHES By Grace Margaret Gould

MISS GIULIA MOROSINI, daughter of the New York banker, is the most expensively as well as the best gowned woman in America.

She probably spends more money on her clothes than any other woman in the United States. But this in itself would not account for her being so perfectly gowned.

To begin with, Miss Morosini is an artist. She has the taste and discernment which make every dollar she spends equal to two spent by a less artistic woman. She has the wit to conceive ideas, and the cleverness to execute them. Each gown in her wonderful collection of costumes has been made from her own original design. Her pen drawings and watercolor sketches are exceptionally clever.

At the Morosini home, Elmhurst, at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, I had the opportunity of seeing some of the beautiful gowns which compose this beautiful wardrobe.

Miss Morosini has made a study of dress, and as her millionaire father's chief delight in living is to gratify his daughter's every wish, it goes without saying that she has unlimited money to carry to perfection each of her ingenious ideas.

Miss Morosini thinks nothing of spending a thousand dollars for one gown, and what is more, ordering six gowns, at a thousand dollars each, at the same time. She generally buys one hundred gowns during the year, varying in price from \$150 to \$1,500, an fifty of these gowns have hats made to order to match.

The hats cost anywhere from \$35 to \$100 each, and this, let it be understood, is before Miss Morosini has ordered the imitation jeweled ornaments to be removed and ornaments of real gems to be used in their place.

A \$35,000 Hat.

One matinee hat alone among her collection cost \$35,000. The hat itself is extraordinary artistic and conspicuous. It is made of frills of dark blue chiffon and trimmed with ostrich plumes in the same shade of blue.

In front, where the brim meets prettily, is a Prince of Wales feather, a mass of diamonds. The feather is about three and a half inches high, and at its diamond studded base are two wonderful rubies. This ornament is valued at \$20,000.

But not content with this, Miss Morosini felt that her hat needed a bit more trimming, and so she added three big buttons studded with diamonds, and

costing \$5,000 apiece.

Before Miss Morosini orders a hat or a gown she gives the importer a pencil sketch of just what she wishes, and as she makes a point of letting her dress reflect her own individuality she has never been seen unbecomingly gowned. Being a clever woman, she learned long ago that a becoming gown or hat may be overlooked, but an unbecoming one never.

She knows all about the harmony of dress and the effects produced by correct color combinations. So particular is she in regard to every little detail of her toilet that she not only has her hats, gloves and shoes made to match her gown, but her veils as well.

Her jewels also blend perfectly with the coloring of her costume. If she wears a white gown, gilded with emerald green velvet, her jewels are sure to be emeralds. And so it is with amethysts for her violet frocks and turquoises for her blue gowns.

Dreams of Art.

This interesting young woman who owns such a wonderful wardrobe has a special fond for shaded and shadow gowns. Many of her exquisite thousand-dollar gowns are art studies. Not only because of the grace and beauty

of line of their designs, but by reason of their wonderful mingling of colors.

One of her newest gowns, imported specially for her, is of soft liberty satin shading from peach-blow pink through the cerise tints into deep red. The gown is a mass of exquisitely shaded embroidery. A conventional flower design is used and the embroidery is so thick that it stands up effectively in bold relief from the gown. The three-quarter length sleeves are of drooping puffs of shaded chiffon, also, applied with the embroidery. Shaded chiffon accordion-plated ruffles give to the bottom of the skirt a soft, fluffy effect.

All of Miss Morosini's gowns are made in princess fashion, and have the effect of being moulded to her figure. It seems impossible to conceive that they are ever put on or ever taken off. Their fastening at the back is invisible.

With these costumes Miss Morosini wears the princess petticoats, which are made with corset cover and petticoat in one piece, thus avoiding the extra belt of the skirt.

Though Miss Morosini is an up-to-date, energetic young woman, yet she does not share with the modern girl her fondness for the short walking skirt. Perhaps this may be because Miss Morosini seldom walks; every one knows

she is a famous horsewoman. But she says her aversion to the short skirt is because it is so inartistic. Every gown she owns is made with a train varying in length from short to long. And the majority of the sleeves in her frocks reach only to the elbow, where they are finished with frills.

A Marvel of Beauty.

Rare lace and embroidery are the features of many of Miss Morosini's most exquisite gowns. She has just had made a chiffon velvet gown which emphatically proclaims her an artist.

It is made of deep blue chiffon velvet, with a hand-embroidered design wandering over it. The embroidery is in dark blue silk and extremely heavy. The bodice portion of the gown shows a deep corselet of velvet, with a very deep yoke and sleeves of cream-tinted real lace. The embroidery trails over from the velvet corselet onto the lace yoke and sleeve, producing a striking and wonderfully lovely effect.

No matter how wonderful the frock may be the axiom that the figure makes the gown is clearly shown in Miss Morosini's case. She not only has the most magnificent collection of costumes of any woman in America, but she has the most perfect of figures to

show these frocks to their best advantage.

She is tall, lithe and graceful, and, just imagine it, she wears an eighteen-inch corset. Think of that in these days of the big-waisted athletic girl! Her bust measure is thirty-six. Miss Morosini's neck and arms are also perfect. She is possessed of good health, which is a clever enough to consider an important requisite in the art of dressing.

That Miss Morosini has carte blanche to her father's bank account is very evident to one who is fortunate enough to see the clothes that she has ordered even just this year.

Three Thousand Dollar Coat.

She has one driving coat which, as far as outward appearances go, is made of tan cloth, but it is lined throughout with exquisitely matched Russian sable. Mr. Morosini sent his check for three thousand dollars to pay for this coat.

Among her dinner gowns is a white crepe de chine dream of loveliness, made with white chiffon frills and embroidered in real gold thread. This gown actually fastens down the back with diamond buttons, any one of which the average woman would think herself lucky to own as a brooch.

A marvelous gown is a princess dress

of grey chiffon cloth, studded with flecks of cut steel. The entire front of the gown is a mass of heavy grey silk embroidery, with here and there a grey lace inset, and over the corsage is embroidered a peacock—the lucky, proud bird having a priceless solitaire diamond for an eye.

Miss Morosini's corsets are specially made for her in Belgium, and of course she has dozens and dozens of pairs.

Her shoes, as well as her gloves, are made to order, and they both match perfectly the gown with which they are worn. With Miss Morosini's long, mousquetaire gloves, which show the same varied shades of red as the dress, and the same red tints are repeated in her shoes. The hat which matches this costume is a velvet picture shape in the darkest tint of red which the gown shows, and it is trimmed with ostrich plumes in which deep red fades into pale pink.

Miss Morosini has a fortune, and a big fortune at that, in jewels. She has a heart dog collar with diamond bars and a clasp of rubies and diamonds which is valued at \$40,000. She also owns a long chain of diamonds which cost \$150,000.

One of her favorite pins is a horse, studded with diamonds; and another is an American flag composed of diamonds, rubies and sapphires. She has so many rings that it takes one big jewel casket to hold them. And she has twenty-five watches, to say nothing of gem-studded bangles, corsage pins, hair ornaments and hairpins—enough, in fact, to stock a jeweler's shop.